

BACONIANA.

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SHAKESPEARE'S DELINEATION OF THE PASSION OF ANGER.

IT seems to have been the intention of Bacon to divide his philosophy into two great branches—Natural Philosophy, or Science—and Moral Philosophy, or the science of human passions and dispositions. He early and repeatedly asserts that the mirror of the human mind must first be cleansed from its layer of ignorance, superstition, prejudice and passions before it can truly reflect the rays of the truth of nature. There must be a marriage, he says, between nature and the mind of man. His philosophy was a new thing in the world, but, as he writes to the King, it was "but copied from a very ancient pattern, no other than the world itself, and the nature itself, and of the mind." That he intended to anatomize human passions seems clear, for he explicitly says :

"For we form a history and tables of inventions for *anger*, *fear*, *shame*, *and the like*, and also for *examples in civil life*."

This branch of philosophy he describes in other words as "that knowledge which considereth of the Appetite and Will of Man," and that must be studied, inquired of, and illustrated by examples, as he further says :

"Another article of this knowledge is the inquiry touching the *affections*, for as in medicining of the body, it is in order first to know the divers complexions and constitutions; secondly, the diseases; and lastly, the cures: so in *medicining* the mind, after knowledge of the divers characters of men's *natures* it followeth, in order, to know the diseases and infirmities of the mind, which are no other than the perturbations and distempers of the affections."

Now, it is peculiar that we look in vain for an open handling of this subject by Bacon in the manner he suggested, and, further, that that work has already been accomplished by poets and historians. He continues thus:

"But the *poets* and writers of histories are the best *doctors* of *this knowledge*; where we *may find* painted forth with great life, how affections are *kindled* and *incited*; and how *pacified* and *refrained*; and how again *contained from act* and further degree; how they *disclose themselves*; how they *work*; how they gather and fortify; how they are enwrapped one within another; how they do fight and encounter one with another; and other the like particularities; amongst the which this last is of special use in moral and civil matters; how, I say, to set affection against affection, and to master one by another; even as we used to hunt beast with beast, and fly bird with bird, which otherwise perhaps we could not so easily recover; upon which foundation is erected that excellent use of '*præmium*' and '*pœna*' whereby civil states consist; employing the predominant affections of fear and hope, for the suppressing and bridling the rest. For as in the government of states it is sometimes necessary to bridle one affection with another, so it is in the government within."

But by the unanimous verdict of the literary world it is Shake-speare who is the great doctor paramount of this knowledge—the mighty master of human nature, whose art parallels at every point Bacon's own philosophy; and in the above extract we are brought to a realisation that Bacon, beyond any subsequent critic, has furnished the most perfect description of the principles of the Shake-speare art. Milton alone, in

the following lines, seems to have had something of the same discernment of the art, character, and purposes, of Shakespeare :

“ While the plebean imp from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and works upon
Mankind by secret engines ; now to move
A chilling pity, then a rigorous love ;
To strike up and stroke down both joy and ire,
To *steer the affections* ; and by heavenly fire
Mould us anew, stolen from ourselves :—
This,—and much more which cannot be expressed
But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast,—
Was Shakespeare's freehold.”

Who taught the Stratford peasant such a sophisticated art ? Who conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Moral Philosophy ? These are no “ native wood-notes wild.” This is no Burns singing about mice and flowers and things, in country fields. Here is a great world-wide philosopher and teacher. Who taught Shakspeare to repudiate the authority of Socrates and Plato, and re-unite Philosophy with Poetry ?

Bacon treats in short essays of five human passions—Ambition, Revenge, Envy, Love, and *Anger*. Why does Shakespeare step in and furnish the “civil examples” of these passions which Bacon seems to have forgotten to supply ? If the Shakespeare Plays constitute Bacon's Moral Philosophy presented to mankind by insinuation and entertainment (as Bacon says it should be so taught) then we may safely ground the proposition that wherever Bacon in his admitted writings has laid down the principles of action of any certain passion, then those principles would be followed in the Shakespeare delineation of such passion. Here would be a fair test of the identity of Shakespeare and Bacon. Has Shakespeare supplied us with such a test in any delineation of the subject of Anger ? Let us see.

I apprehend that the one place in the Shakespeare Plays where we may find anger clearly delineated is in the famous quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius. What, then, are the Baconian principles by which we may cast in advance Shakespeare's treatment of that subject? Bacon first treats of the "*causes and motives*" of anger, and says they are chiefly three, of which the first, we are told, is to be "*too sensible of hurt.*" In the great quarrel scene Cassius is the one who is indignant over some supposed affront upon the part of Brutus. The latter, from the description by Lucilius of his reception by Cassius, looked upon his brother general as a "hot friend cooling." Brutus seems to have had no inkling that Cassius was holding against him a grudge for some wrong done the latter by Brutus, but when they first meet Cassius is quick with his grievance. He speaks first, and without even any interchange of greetings, abruptly says:

"Most Noble Brother, you have done me wrong."

Brutus denies that he would wrong even an enemy, and asks how he could then wrong a brother. When they have retired to Brutus' tent so that their conversation may not be overheard by the common soldiers, Cassius, like Bacon, deals *first* with the "*cause and motive*" of his anger, and which appears at once to be nothing that Brutus has done to him personally, but is his refusal of Cassius' request to let off from punishment for bribery, one Lucius Pella. Cassius says:

"That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here from the Sardians:
Wherein my letters, *praying on his side*,
Because I knew the man was slighted off."

It thus clearly appears from Cassius' own statement that he was wrong in charging injury to him by Brutus,

his superior officer. Brutus had the clear right to refuse to interfere in the punishment of Pella even against Cassius' request, and by a coincidence it also appears that the "*cause and motive*" of Cassius' grievance was the first mentioned by Bacon. He was "*too sensible of hurt.*"

The second natural disposition tending to anger is given by Bacon as "*the apprehension and construction of the injury offered, to be, in the circumstances thereof, full of contempt.*" This was, really, the thing that stung Cassius. His apprehension and construction of Brutus' action in condemning and noting Lucius Pella in spite of his (Cassius') protest was, that Brutus was treating him (Cassius) with contempt. Cassius was humiliated in his pride and self-esteem. He was one of those "tender and delicate persons" who, Bacon says, must "needs be often angry." It was a woman's trait, and Cassius says he inherited it from his mother.

The third cause and motive of anger, Bacon continues, is "opinion of the *touch of a man's reputation,*" which, he says, doth "*multiply and sharpen anger.*" And again Shakespeare follows Bacon to the letter, for after Cassius has disclosed the cause of his grievance, Brutus justly retorts :

"You wronged yourself to write in such a cause."

Cassius responds :

"In such a time as this, it is not meet

That every nice offence should bear his comment,"

meaning that every trifling offence should not be subject to severe punishment. And then the lash of Brutus' whip strikes that very tender spot of Cassius' *own reputation*, and on the very subject of bribery. Brutus says :

"Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself

Are much condemned to have an *itching palm* ;

*To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers."*

Here was the exact "touch of reputation" that made Cassius' anger "multiply and sharpen." Watch him burst into a flame. See his colour come and go; observe him stamp and tremble, swell, and bend his fist—signs a good actor would evince should he follow Bacon's directions as given by him in Century VIII. of his Natural History. Hear Cassius rage:

I an itching palm?

*You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or by the gods this speech were else your last."*

But Brutus is warming with indignation himself, yet with a different and nobler sort of anger. Again he talks straight out and cuts Cassius to the quick:—

*"The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement does therefore hide his head."*

What! Chastisement for him, Cassius, the proud peer of any Roman! No wonder he repeats in rage the sole word—

"Chastisement!"

Then Cassius *does* begin to feel something in the line of a real instead of an imaginary contempt, that could end only in a killing for Brutus or complete subjection for Cassius. Hear the splendid lesson, the noble scorn and contempt for grafters, which Brutus hurls at him:—

*"Remember March, the ides of March remember,
Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! Shall one of us
That struck the foremost man of all the world,
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate of our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?"*

Then the terrific scorn and contempt in the closing two lines:—

*"I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon
Than such a Roman."*

Cassius' soul wavers under the fearful rebuke, and in his reply shows a slight tendency to shift his ground:—

*"Brutus bay not me,
I'll not endure it ; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions."*

But Brutus is not through with this wonderful Baconian example of an angry man, and he cuts Cassius again with that most contemptuous expression—

"Go to: you are not, Cassius."

Cassius again blusters, but Brutus lays contempt upon contempt in the expression—

"Away, slight man!"

And probably with "eyes *staringly wild*, face troubled, voice frightful, mouth foaming, startling and quaking, raging and ruffling" (additional signs of anger described by Montaigne in *his* essay "On Anger"), Cassius can only articulate—

"Is't possible?"

But none of these terrible signs can affright the "noblest Roman of them all." He is going to the end in this quarrel, and his own anger glows like a living coal:—

*"Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?"*

This marks the climax of Cassius' passion, although his exclamation contains a hint that he realizes his defeat. In a wild frenzy he exclaims—

"O ye gods ! ye gods ! Must I endure all this ?"

Then Brutus rides rough-shod over Cassius' proud spirit and tramples it into the earth :—

"All this ? ay more. Fret, till your proud heart break.
Go, show your *slaves* how choleric you are,
And make your *bond-men* tremble. Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor ? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you ; for from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish."

The remainder of the scene is what Bacon calls the "allaying and calming" of Cassius' anger. Cassius has been "appeased," and according to the Baconian rule, which is, as to the contempt, "imputing it to misunderstanding, fear, passion, or what you will." Here Cassius' anger is appeased by Brutus acknowledging that he himself spoke in passion, and agreeing that Cassius' anger was caused by a natural defect of temper :—

Cas.—"Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that *rash humor*, which *my mother gave me*,
Makes me forgetful ?"

Bru.—"Yes, Cassius ; and from henceforth,
When you are over earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so."

It will be further noted in this scene that although Cassius' anger is wrought up to the highest pitch, it results in no mischief—no actual clash of arms between them. Brutus drives steadily forward until the subject of their controversy is exhausted. He presses the charge against Cassius of refusing to send money to assist in paying Brutus' legions, which Cassius first denies and then admits. There is no "breaking off" in their discussion, which, if it had happened, might have resulted

in the armies of the respective generals flying at each other's throats. The Baconian rule again applies, for Bacon says :—

“To contain anger from mischief, though it take hold of a man, there be two things whereof you must have special caution . . . the other, that you do not peremptorily break off in any business in a fit of anger.”

Brutus knew his Bacon better than some modern Shakespearians !

It requires no very close analysis of this great quarrel to realize that Shakespeare is presenting us with two radically different forms or characters of anger as displayed by the participants. The anger of Cassius is like that of a screaming, passionate child, breaking out upon slight cause, but, after proper chastisement, returning humbly for reconciliation and forgiveness. His anger is childish and full of the woman. Brutus calls it a “*testy* humor.” It is wild and ungoverned, and Cassius loses himself in his frenzy. There is nothing noble or virtuous about it, but it appears ignoble and base throughout. It nowhere has our sympathy. It is founded upon a defence of bribery and corruption, and is full of evasions, shiftings and excuses. With Brutus it is different. He takes fire slowly, but he burns hotter and hotter, yet does not lose his head for an instant. It is filled with virtuous indignation towards corrupt and oppressive practices and the dishonouring of the name of a Roman citizen. And in this respect we meet again at every point the Baconian elements, analyses, and directions. Bacon says :—

“Anger is certainly a kind of *baseness* ; as it appears well in the weakness of those subjects in whom it reigns, *children, women, old folks, sick folks.*”

Yet there is a way in which this appearance of baseness may be removed. The essay continues :

"Only men must beware that they carry their anger rather *with scorn* than with fear; so that they may seem rather to be *above the injury* than below it; which is a thing easily done if a man will *give law* to himself in it."

Brutus knows the precepts. He gives *the law* to himself; he governs himself—in his anger. And with what splendid magnanimity and scorn he carries himself! With what fine moral courage he stands against Cassius and his threats! How he rises above and effaces that element of baseness which might otherwise appear in his own anger. Hear him:

"There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as *the idle wind*,
Which I *respect not*. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means;
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?"

And mark the peroration of that same "scorn" and fearlessness:

"When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!"

No wonder that Cassius wobbled on his feet, lied and denied, and whined for sympathy with his "infirmities"!

What does it all mean? Here is Shakespeare, the great moral philosopher, delineating a human passion, patiently, step by step, illustrating with minutest detail the analyses, elements, rules and directions of Bacon upon the same subject. And we are asked to believe

that this is all blind coincidence—something a thousand times harder to do than to believe that it is Bacon himself, the concealed poet, re-joining the anciently severed union of Philosophy and Poetry.

The first edition of Bacon's Essays published in 1597, and dedicated to his brother Anthony, *did not contain the essay "On Anger."* The next edition in 1606, which did not purport to be issued by Bacon, was only a transcript of the original 1597 edition. The next edition was issued in 1612, and under Bacon's authority. It purports to contain 40 essays, but two of them, "Of the Republic" and "Of Warre and Peace," were omitted from the body of the work. And the essay "On Anger" *was not among them.* In the next edition of 1613 still the essay "On Anger" is missing. Following this came the edition of 1625 — only a few months before Bacon died—and where at last this particular essay shows its head. *When was this essay written? or why did Bacon keep it so long by him before its publication?* These facts are equally true regarding the essay "On Envy," the delineation of which passion Mr. Dixon has ably shown also to have been followed by Shakespeare along the same close Baconian lines in this same play of *Julius Cæsar*. *Why were these two particular essays upon two human passions, both delineated in the same play, kept back from publication until the appearance of Julius Cæsar for the first time in the Shakespeare Folio of 1623?*

When was the play of *Julius Cæsar* written? Nobody knows, but there are several guesses—one, that it was written before 1603; another, before the play of *Hamlet*. About 1609 Bacon wrote to Toby Matthew, sending him a copy of his memorial of Queen Elizabeth, and in his letter says:

"Of this, when you were here, I showed you some model,

though at that time methought you were as willing to hear *Julius Cæsar* as Queen Elizabeth, commended."

This letter discloses that prior to 1609 Matthew had been in London, and had, to Bacon's knowledge, "heard *Julius Cæsar* commended." But commended by whom? Where? Under what circumstances? It was evidently no casual or trifling incident to be thus remembered and referred to by Bacon. Did Toby, the Catholic, and Bacon see the play together at the theatre? Hardly. Was it the manuscript of the play still in Bacon's possession which he showed Matthew, and which Toby must have highly enjoyed? Toby had once returned to Bacon *Measure for Measure*—strangely enough the name of another Shakespeare play. All of the mutilated correspondence we possess shows that no one was closer to Bacon in literary matters than Matthew, himself a man of fine learning and literary discrimination, and who certainly acted as Bacon's agent on the continent in literary and other matters. The sly allusion would be characteristic of Bacon's habit of allusive or "infolded" writing upon confidential things. Should the reference be to the play of *Julius Cæsar*, then that play must have been written some time prior to the year 1609. Upon the Baconian theory, all these thousand puzzles and problems, mists and clouds, are solved and dispelled. Without it we are lost in a fog that never lifts.

F. C. HUNT.

THE ATTIC THEATRE.*

UNDER this title Mr. A. E. Haigh, M.A., Classical Lecturer at Corpus Cristi and Wadham Colleges, Oxford, gives us what seems to me important evidence.

Haigh says it seems not an uncommon practice for a poet to have his plays produced by a friend instead of coming forward in his own person. Aristophanes did not at first produce his plays in his own person. His first play was *The Banqueters*, which he brought out under another man's name while he was still "almost a boy." *The Babylonians* and the *Acharnians* were produced by *Callistratus* (p. 69). "Wealthy citizens who had a wish for poetical distinction, bought plays from needy authors, and exhibited them as their own. Plato, the author of the *Old Comedy*, is said to have been compelled by poverty to sell his comedies in this manner . . . The earlier dramatic poets were *stage managers* as well as authors, and the superintendence of the production of a play was part of the business of their profession. But in later times authors appear to have entrusted their plays to friends who had more experience in theatrical affairs." The tragic poet *Aphareus* never brought out his plays in his own name. He exhibited tragedies on eight occasions, and they were always entrusted for production to a friend. Aristophanes entrusted many of his plays to *Callistratus* and *Philonides*. The *Birds* and the *Lysistrata* were exhibited by *Callistratus*; the *Wasps*, the *Frogs*, and others by *Philonides*. In other instances "of vicarious production" it is also very difficult to discover what the motives were (p. 70). *The Autolycus of Eupolis*, was brought out by an obscure poet *Demostratus*. "The real authorship of the plays of *Aristophanes* was more or less an open secret. At the same time the

20 * Published at Oxford, at the Clarendon Press, 1889.

nominal author was the one officially recognised in the state." His name was entered as victor in the public archives, and he received the prize and the other rewards of victory, including public proclamation and the crown. *Aristotle* and his successors seem to have given the name of the real author as a later correction in the public records, and noted the play was brought out by such and such a person. Much as Canon Beeching or Sydney Lee in the 20th century will possibly add a correction in some State Calendar or National Biography, stating Francis Bacon to be the real author of *Hamlet*, and Shax-pur only the vicarious one.

Aristophanes explained at some length the reasons which induced him to keep in the background—difficulty of writing comedies, fickleness of the Athenians, a feeling "one ought to proceed warily in the business." He says when his first play came out "his Muse was still a Virgin—and too young to have a child of her own." One reason for vicarious authorship, Haigh says, was the diffidence of youth, desiring to make the first experiments anonymously. Another reason was that old poets allowed their sons to bring out their plays and receive the credit "to give them a successful start in their career." *Aristophanes* entrusted to his son his two latest comedies. *Eupolis* is said to have been only seventeen when he began to produce comedies. Haigh suggests that his earlier plays were probably brought out by friends and not in his own name. In his tract on "Of An Holy War," Bacon writes that among "the persons that speak" is a man whom he calls *Eupolis*. It is at his house at Paris that the scene is placed. A foot-note tells us that "Eupolis was a politic." Was he "a concealed poet" also, one who made the theatre of the ancients his model?

ALICIA AMY LEITH.

THE HISTORICAL COMMISSIONERS' REPRINTS.

THE Verulam papers, printed by permission of the Earl of Verulam by the Historical Commissioners in 1906, contain some interesting reading, but very little relating personally to the famous Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans.

If there is another chest of papers at Gorhambury it has not yet been revealed to the world, and the remark is often truly made that the louder the public cry for revelations of secrets, the more tenaciously do the aristocratic families hide their papers in cellars.

Francis Bacon left no children to be proud of his fame, and by his will his wife was left as little money as possible. His estates eventually passed to his grand-niece, the daughter of his half-brother. This lady, who married the famous Sir Harbottle Grimston, died in 1683. Sir Harbottle and Lady Grimston took up their residence in Gorhambury House, which overlooked the wide, extending park, and they allowed their son George the use of Verulam House, sometimes called the Pondyards. This house had been built by Sir Francis Bacon when he became dissatisfied with the supply of water at the larger residence, which his father had built, and where Queen Elizabeth passed some happy days with her Lord Keeper of the seals.

The list of Sir Nicholas' expenses during the royal visit are still to be read in MS., and afford a glimpse of the fare presented to Her Majesty, and the cost thereof; but as the sums paid must be calculated with a view to the difference between the face value of money to-day and three hundred and fifty years ago, it is rather difficult to estimate the sums approximately.

The Gorhambury lands formed part of the possessions of St. Alban's Abbey, having been granted by charter

by Henry II. This charter has been printed by the Historical Commissioners, and contains the famous name of Thomas A'Beckett. During Henry VIII.'s reign the estate came into the possession of Sir Ralph Rowlatt, a citizen and goldsmith of London, from whom Sir Nicholas Bacon bought it in 1555. He at once commenced to enlarge the house and add to it the chapel. When completed this mansion was of considerable dimensions, but the building of the various additions to it covered many years, but it was taxed for forty-one hearths in 1681.

Queen Elizabeth was an early visitor to her valued friend the Lord Keeper, and it is reported that on one of her visits she remarked, "My lord, what a little house you have gotten." To which Sir Nicholas replied, "Madame, my house is small ; but it is your Majesty who has made me too great for my house." The host had to add to his establishment at considerable expense to entertain his guest, whilst the Queen's suite found it difficult to find room to attend on their exacting mistress. At this time Francis Bacon was a lad of ten, and must have known the Queen. Over the entrance the following lines were inscribed :—

" Hæc cum prefecit Nicholaus tecta Baconus,
Elizabeth regni, lustra fuere duo ;
Factus eques, magni custos fuet ipse sigilli,
Gloria sit solo tota tribula Deo."

Among the manuscripts the Historical Commissioners found, besides the charter of 1154, are several documents of the fifteenth century, and the name of Edward Grimston, Ambassador to France, appears under—"Instructions yeven by the King to his welbeloved Squier Edward Grimston whom he sendeth at this tyme unto his Oncle of France 1449." This undertaking proved very disastrous for the ambassador, for

he was afterwards accused of high treason. In petitions to the king he endeavoured to gain permission to put his declaration of innocence before Parliament. He insisted that often he had risked his life in the exercise of his duties, that His Majesty had no more faithful liege in his kingdoms, and begged to have his true discharge and acquittal. He was accused of "obtaining excessive sommes of goodes," and suffered imprisonment in the Tower of London in consequence.

This Edward married for his third wife Phillip, widow of Thomas Lord Roos, "by whose attainder she was put from her dower and joyntoure." Phillip was closely related to the king through Lady Powys and the Countess of Cambridge, and in a petition for restitution of her estates, does not fail to remind the king of this fact. His Majesty must have been rather tired of continually receiving petitions relating to Edward Grimston, first for one thing and then another. The thrilling adventures of his descendant, Sir Edward Grimston, forms one of the most interesting papers among the Commissioners' reprints. This good old man, who died in February, 1599, at the age of ninety-two, was induced by his son to write down the account of his escape from the Bastille, and his narrative has since then formed the basis for many a novel. This hero's adventures occurred in France in 1558 upon the taking of Calais by the Duke of Guise, after that town had remained 210 years in the hands of the English. Sir Edward Grimston was controller of the town and its marches at the time of the disaster, and as a result he was cast into the dreaded Bastille. The last sentence in Sir Edward's narrative throws a light on the torture he might have suffered had he not escaped:—

"De Borgg was one of five persons of the Parliament sent to the Bastille by the king's command, whom I

did leave *in a cage* within a chamber, and was afterwards burned for his religion."

The chief facts of the narrative run as follows: "At the taking of Calais, I, Edward Grimston, being controller of the said town and marches, with all the garrison and fortresses of that side of the seas, after the town was yielded, was taken and carried out of the town of Calais by one Monsieur de Sasse to the French camp lying at Sangatt, and remained there two nights, then back to Calais, then Monsieur Sapyer committed me to the custody of an Italian, who carried me to Boulogne, in my nightgown, without any boots, and the next day to Hardlowe." The narrative continues: "Then to Abbeville where I had a new pair of boots, and from thence to Bevoys and from thence to Saint Denis to dinner, where they procured me a sight of all the shrines and jewells of the house. Then on to Paris till Ash Wednesday, and then carried me to the Bastille where I remained XIX months, until it pleased God to work my deliverance."

Sir Edward found he could not pay the ten thousand crowns demanded for his ransom, and he put his hopes of release upon the conclusion of peace. But after that event he still remains a prisoner, much to his annoyance, especially as he suffered from prison sicknesses. His only hope was in escape, and he entered into a device with a Spaniard who was his fellow-prisoner. They were to bind and kill their gaolers, and after setting free their comrades in misfortune by means of the keys, they were to make their way to the open country. This device was never carried out, for various reasons, and another plot had to be hatched. This time it was to file the bars of their prison and let themselves down to the ground by ropes—a dangerous undertaking. A friend in need appears at this juncture in the shape of a visitor—Sir Nicholas Throckmorton—

who was persuaded to say he would bring Sir Edward some files, but as he had to attend the king on his coronation in Rheims (called Raymes) he sent a Mr. Mydlemmer to the prison to secretly convey the means of escape to Sir Edward Grimston. It is curious to contemplate of what Sir Nicholas Throckmorton was thinking during the coronation, knowing he was allowing the king's enemy to escape. While Mr. Mydlemmer, during his visit to the prisoner, sat upon an open bench beside Sir Edward, he quietly slipped the files into the latter's pocket.

The narrative continues : "I was 21 days filing, and cut two bars of iron, either of them the bigness of mine arm, and one cross bar twice cut. To cover the cinder of the filing was somewhat troublesome but I did it with water and ashes, and to make the bars to stand fast after filing I did it with wet brown paper."

He found that his escape did not only depend on an opening being made in his window, for if he gained the outside walls, he had nowhere to go, and no one to whom he could turn for help. Further, he had to arrange that his escape took place without delay, otherwise the cut bars might be discovered, and then farewell to freedom.

He got a letter smuggled to Lord Grey, and begged him to send his manservant, Savage, to meet him should he escape. His lordship sent one (Hanse) instead, and this led to misfortunes.

On the night of his escape he packed his necessary things in a valise and took his money in his pocket. After supper he removed the great bars of the window, which weighed above forty pounds, and laid them in the straw under his bed. Then he threw out his boots and gown, and waited for his night-watch soldier to arrive. He plied that worthy with wine, and then, feigning to fall asleep, he ripped up the sheets of his bed

and knotted them to his long curtains. This made a line sixteen yards long. Making fast one end of this improvised rope, he crept forth, closed the window behind him, and dropped into the ditch below. To his dismay, he found his gown had been stolen, and that no Hanse was there to receive him.

The narrative continues :—"I did draw on my boots, and with a half-handkerchief did bind up my beard, after the Scottish manner then used, and did take my wallet upon my shoulder, and at a breach in the wall, did go into the city, not daring to try the country fields for fear of the wolves, or robbers."

Eventually he reached Lord Grey's lodgings, after much trouble, only to find them empty. Shivering with cold, he obtained a lodging at a widow's house. Here he was interrogated by searchers, but, after declaring his name to be Robert Robertson, seeking employment in the Scottish Guards, he was left unmolested. In a day or two he managed to buy some clothes from the "fryperge."

The story continues as follows :—"I did buy a black cloak with sleeves, and a pair of canvass stopps to cover my scarlet hose, and a sword. I did take my sword in hand, and did go out at adventure into the city where I did buy a girdle, and did gird myself with my sword, and did walk up and down to see if I could meet with Hanse or some other Englishman."

He at last found "Dr. Cary and Mr. Goldney and a man born in Eye (?)." To them he discovered himself. They assisted him to start for the coast, dressed as a pilgrim, with the man Hanse and another called Watson, who guided him to Caen, in Normandy. Here they hired a small boat and pushed off for home and England; but they had left the winds and currents out of their calculations, and were driven back to Brittany, "and being all the night and day sore tormented, and

our foremast and sail blown overboard, and our main sail torn through," there was nothing for it but to wait and mend the sails, and once more they ventured upon the sea. They "did descry land, and we did come under the side of a high cliff, where we thought was the island of Jersey," but which was England. Here they lie among the rocks, wet, miserable, and huddled together, making rafts; but, seeing some men on land, they hailed them, and induced them to assist Sir Edward and Hanse to reach land, whereupon they kneel and thank God for being allowed to walk on dry land once more.

After a bed and supper, Sir Edward paid off the boat, and hired horses to take him to the Castle (most likely Falmouth Castle), where they found in charge as captain Mr. Amyasse Powlette, in whose train Francis Bacon made his first journey to France. After journeying by horses and calling on various gentlemen at their seats, he arrived in London, where he was at once arrested and clapped into the Tower upon the indictment of high treason found against him in Queen Mary's reign. In despair he went through his trial at the Guildhall and was acquitted by the jury, "which," he says, "moved the people to make a great noise of joy in the hall, although I did weep full bitterly, as now in this writing it maketh me to yield sometimes."

He rejoiced on leaving the Guildhall to notice that the dreaded axeman carried the axe well, the edge furthest from him. He found his former Queen was dead, and her sister Elizabeth reigning in her stead.

A. CHAMBERS BUNTEN.

(To be continued).

TWIGS PLUCKED IN THE SYLVA SYLVARUM.

SOME noises help sleep . . . as soft singing. The cause is that they move in the spirits a gentle attention; and whatsoever moveth attention, without too much labour, stilleth the natural and discursive motion of the spirits.—*Syl. Syl.* 745.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
The reason is your spirits are attentive.

—*Mer. Ven.* V. i. 69.

Sounds are better heard, and further off, in an evening or at night than at noon or in the day . . . As for the night, it is true also that the general silence helpeth.

—*Syl. Syl.* 143.

Music! Hark!

Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Silence bestows that virtue on it, Madam.

—*Mer. Ven.* V. i. 97.

Sounds are meliorated by the intension (=concentration) of the sense, when the commonsense is collected most to the particular sense of hearing, and the sight suspended; and, therefore, sounds are sweeter as well as greater in the night than in the day.

—*Syl. Syl.* 235.

Dark night that from the eye his function takes
The ear more quick of apprehension makes.
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.

—*M. N. D.* III. ii. 177.

Between sleeping and waking, when all the senses are bound and extended, music is far sweeter than when one is fully waken.

—*Syl. Syl.* 235.

How silver sweet sound lovers tongues by night.

—*Rom. Jul.* II. ii. 166.

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me.

—*Rom. Jul.* II. iii. 32.

Soft stillness of the night

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

—*Mer. Ven.* V. i. 56.

The celestial bodies, most of them, are true fires or flames, as the Stoics held ; more fine perhaps and rarefied than our flame is.—*Syl. Syl.* 31.

The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks ;

They are all fire, and every one doth shine.

—*Jul. Cæs.* III. i. 63.

Doubt thou the stars are fire ?"—*Ham.* II. ii. 115.

Stars, hide your fire.—*Macb.* I. iv. 50.

Marigolds . . . do open or spread their leaves abroad when the sun shineth serene and fair . . . and close them or gather them in towards night or when the sky is overcast.—*Syl. Syl.* 493.

Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,

But as the marigold, at the sun's eye.

—*Sonnet* 25.

The marigold that goes to bed with the sun

And with him rises weeping.—*W. Tale*, IV. iv. 108.

Her eyes, like marigolds, had closed their lights

And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay

Till they might open to adorn the day.

—*Lucrece*, 397.

Sleep doth nourish much. . . .—*Syl. Syl.* 57 (see the entire section).

Sleep . . . great nature's second course ; chief nourisher in life's feast.—*Macb.* II. ii. 38.

Our foster nurse of nature is repose.—*Lear* IV. iv. 12.

Midnight hours . . . times to repair our nature
By nourishing repose.—*Hen.* VIII. V. i. 3.

In aged men and weak bodies, and such as abound
not much with choler, a short sleep after dinner doth
help to nourish.—*Syl. Syl.* 57.

Immediately after dinner, or at four of the clock, I
could never find resolution and strength enough in
myself to inhibit it [sleep].—*Com. Er.*

Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon.

—*Ham.* I. v. 59.

'Tis a custom with him in the afternoon to sleep.

—*Tempest* III. ii. 94.

Wheresoever one plant draweth such a particular
juice from the ground as it qualifieth the earth, so as
that juice which remaineth is fit for the other plant ;
there the *neighbourhood* doeth good, because the nourish-
ments are contrary or several.—*Syl. Syl.* 480—491.

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality.

—*Hen.* V. I. i. 60.

There be divers herbs that have joints or knuckles, as
it were, stops in their germination. The cause whereof
is for that the sap ascendeth unequally and doth as it
were tire and stop by the way : which hindereth the
sap from going up until it hath gathered into a knot.

—*Syl. Syl.* 589.

As knots by the conflux of meeting sap,
Inject the sound pine, and divert his grain,
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

—*Tro. Cres.* I. iii. 7.

The lower winds in a plain, except they be strong, make no noise, but among trees the noise of such winds will be perceived.—*Syl. Syl.* 115.

You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven.
—*Mer. Ven.* IV. i. 75.

In such a night as this
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise.—*Mer. Ven.* V. i. 1.

The affections that draw the spirits into the eyes are love and envy: The aspects that procure love are not gazings, but sudden glances and dartings of the eyes.
—*Syl. Syl.* 944.

Even so quickly may we catch the plague.
Methinks I feel the youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes.—*Tw. N.* I. v. 314.

R. M. THEOBALD.

GERMAN DISCUSSION ON THE BACONIAN HYPOTHESIS.

ON Monday, December 13th, a meeting of members of the Dresden Society for the Study of Modern Languages was held in the hall of the Society. After a number of members had been received, the meeting, under the distinguished presidency of His Royal Highness Prince Johann Georg, proceeded to discuss the opinions expressed by Professor Dr. Konrad Meier (vice-rector in King George's College) on the Bacon-Shakespeare question. This

discourse had been delivered on the 29th day of the previous March and had been printed for the members of the Society. The debate was designed to throw light on the following points:—1. The history of William Shakspeare's life. 2. The evidence derived from the plays. 3. The evidence supplied by contemporaries (*a*) against the authorship of the stage manager; (*b*) in favour of Bacon's authorship. 4. The evidence derived from identity of thought. 5. Any other points that might be suggested.

The new documents lately discovered relating to the financial profits of the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres afford no evidence for the authorship of the plays. The debate proceeded in reference to the first point to discuss the epitaph on the Stratford monument, the bust in the church representing the actor with pen and paper but writing on a cushion, whereas in the earliest presentment of the bust in the "Antiquities of Warwickshire," by Sir William Dugdale, there is neither paper nor pen seen, which seem to be later additions. It was noted that the Stratford man in his will does not mention any book, whereas his son-in-law, Dr. Hall, had left books behind him, but not such as might have been his father's-in-law, who, according to the will, died bookless. The view taken by Goethe as to the authorship of the plays was discussed, as well as the opinions of Justus von Liebig on Shakespeare and Bacon as exponents of natural philosophy, and the date of the creation of *Lucrece*.

As to point 2, the evidence derived from the poems, opinion was still more divided. The question arises whether the Stratford man during the years from 1585—1594, in which we actually know nothing about him, may not have been at college, which would account for the large amount of learning displayed in Shakespeare's

works. The question was raised—if the author must have possessed the mastery of French, which is shown in the plays, or, if he could not, have found somebody else to pen it for him. It is strange, and worth notice, that on the actor's death (1616) there is a deep silence on the part of all his contemporaries, although all important events, even such as could only be known to the Court, were at once reported to the author of the plays. The Rutland theory, which was referred to in this connection, was combated by Professor Meier.

After discussing the various points of evidence collected from the writings of contemporaries against the authorship of the actor, those who opposed Professor Meier admitted that the authorship of the stage-manager is by no means beyond doubt; nor could they, being challenged to bring forward their evidence for the authorship of the Stratford man, give any.

It was allowed that the much-vaunted Shakespearean mistakes, the anachronisms, historical and geographical mistakes and errors (in the *Winter's Tale* Bohemia is located on the sea coast, the King of Sicily consults the oracle of Delphi, etc.), are in no respect inconsistent with the authorship of a learned man. Professor Martin gave a striking instance of a modern play written by two members of the Académie Française, where Italy and Spain are located as neighbouring countries, and the French authors do not seem to know that France is situated between them. It was noted that the contemporaries contradict one another as to the production of the plays, the one side pretending that the plays were written without a blot or a change being made; whereas Ben Jonson speaks of the poet's true-fil'd lines, turned over and over again, and the different editions bear witness to a repeated and thorough supervision of the texts.

As to point 3, the question is not to show why the general public should not have found out that another man took the mask of the actor, for the general public of all times, and even of our own time, are perfectly indifferent to the person of an author whose name is given on the title-page; but it seems strange that his fellow-actors should not have guessed the truth. There are two scenes, however, in the plays, pointed out by Professor Besser, in which the presumed author seems to be alluded to, and one especially which seems to refer to Bacon. In *As You Like It* (V. i.) Touchstone says to *William*: "Ipse is he; now you are not ipse, for I am he." And in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (IV. i.), where Sir Hugh Evans, in examining young *William* [Page] in Latin, the following passage occurs:—

William.—Articles are borrowed of the pronoun and be thus declined, singulariter nominativo hic, hæc, hoc.

Evans.— . . . Well, what is your accusative case?

William.—Accusativo hunc.

Evans.—I pray you, have your remembrance child, accusativo hung, hang, hog.

Quickly.—"Hang hog" is Latin for Bacon, I warrant you.

This play of words is a jest formerly made by Bacon's father. How could the actor have known it?

Discussion of the second part of point 3 and the following was adjourned to the following meeting, in consequence of the advanced hour, so as not to debate these points too rapidly. A great number of the members took part in the debate, and all praised Professor Meier, who with never-failing readiness met all the objections raised to the theory he advocated, and maintained his ground with astonishing learning.

(Translated from the *Dresdner Anzeiger*, Friday, January 7th, 1910.)

THE SELF-REVEALMENT OF SHAKESPEARE.*

PROFESSOR DOWDEN, noticing the personal characteristics of the Shakespearean poet, reports many characteristics which lead to the identification of no "tangible personality." He omits many which do possess something of this quality, and many of them are alluded to in the article referred to. The following might have been added:—The professor might have noted that the poet was on terms of personal intimacy and friendship with some of the highest nobles of the land. The dedications to *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* were addressed to Lord Southampton in language of warm attachment and *camaraderie*. The folio of 1623 was dedicated to the "incomparable pair of brethren," Lord Pembroke and Lord Montgomery. As to Southampton, their friendship must have existed in 1593, when *Venus and Adonis* was published. At that time only one or two Shakespearean plays had been published, and these anonymously. Certainly, the poet had not then acquired any large amount of public recognition or reputation. Such friendship involves a certain amount of social equality, such as could not have existed between any peer of the realm and a strolling player or stage manager, who belonged to a despised class. Social caste and distinction were much more strictly observed at that time than they are now, and it is certain that Sir Henry Irving, if he had lived in the "spacious times of great Elizabeth," would never have been knighted. These

* The following paragraph should have appeared in the article by Dr. R. M. Theobald in the October number, on the "Self-revelment of Shakespeare" and Professor Dowden. It was received too late for publication. It, however, has an interest independent of the article in question.

facts need not be very urgently pressed—they may be taken as presumptions or probabilities. But there are so many such presumptions and probabilities all pointing to Bacon, none to William Shakspeare, that the integral result of them all supplies a very strong Baconian argument.

R. M. THEOBALD.

BACON AS AN EAST ANGLIAN M.P.

THE records of Ipswich of the year 1597 state that on October 15th:—

A letter directed from the town to mr. ffrancis Bacon, signifying that if he will please to accept he shall be elected Burgess of the Parlimt., if he will take the oath of free burgess.

Bacon was then 36 years of age, and had already become a prominent figure in the country.

Previously it had been the custom to elect natives of the town as its representatives in the House of Commons, but as time went on politicians who were not so intimately associated with the town were sometimes selected.

On the 18th of October of the same year Bacon's reply is recorded in the following entry:—

A certificate that mr. ffrancis Bacon hathe taken his othe of freeman of this towne, wch, wth the returne of the Commission, is set downe, and is the same wch Mr. Stanhope formerly tooke, verbatim, and was his companion and hereupon mr. ffrancis Bacon is elected Burgess of Parlimt. for this towne at Westmr., the 24th day of October next: See as the letter was sent on the 15 day, the othe was taken on the 16 day at Serjeant's Inn in Chancert Lane in London, and the election was uppon the 18 day.

Mr. Michael Stanhope, the son of a Suffolk knight, had been chosen on the previous 28th of September as

one of the Burgesses of Parliament on taking the oath as a freeman.

There is no evidence of how it came about that Bacon was chosen as the parliamentary representative of the East Anglian borough. An entry in the City Records, dated September 15th, 1597, however, suggests a possible explanation :—

The E. of Essex shall have the nominacon of one of the Burgesses for this towne at the next Parlmt. at Westmr.,^o soe as he shall make choice of one that is noe free burgess, yet such an one as shall be made free burgess. Its agreed atat Sr. Willm Waldgrave shall have the voices of this towne for his election to be one of the Burgesses of the Parlmt. next at Westmr. for this towne, according to his request by his Pre.

Having regard to the fact that Bacon was closely associated with Essex at that period, it is a reasonable inference that the Earl nominated him in accordance with the powers invested in him by the foregoing entry, but there is nothing to show why the electors of Ipswich placed such power in Essex's hands. One of Bacon's biographers mentions that he represented Southampton in the Parliament which assembled in 1597, but the Ipswich entry, in the absence of definite evidence, must be taken as representing the fact.

Francis Bacon received the honour of knighthood on July 23rd, 1603, soon after the accession of James I. There is an entry on the Ipswich Records, under date 3rd March, 1604, as follows :—

Sr. Hen. Glenham is hereuppon elected Burgess for this towne at the next Parlmt. at Westmr., 19 Marche.

And Sr. ffancis Bacon allsoe is elected to be the other Burgess for the said Towne.

Bacon appears to have continued to represent Ipswich until 1614. He was then returned simul-

^o The Parliament which met on the 24th October, 1597.

taneously for St. Albans, Ipswich, and the University of Cambridge, when he elected to represent his Alma Mater. In 1607 he had been appointed Solicitor-General, and he succeeded Sir Henry Hobart as Attorney-General in 1613.

The further entries in the City Records relating to Bacon's association with the city are as follows :—

Sr. Francis Bacon, knight, and Rob Snelling, gen., elected Burgesses of the Parlt. at Westmr., 5 Aprill next.

This is followed on the 27th April by :—

Sr Francis Bacon elected Burgess for the University of Cambridge. Mr. Willm Cage is elected Burgess with mr. Snelling.

DUOLOGUE.

Characters—FRANCIS, LORD VERULAM and ENQUIRER.

Enquirer.— Lord Say (*King Henry VI.*, II. iv. 7) remarks that “Ignorance is the curse of God, Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.” What do you say to this?

F. Lord Ver.—By Learning man ascendeth to the heavens and their motions, where in body he cannot come. (*Adv. of L.*)

Enquirer.— Prospero in *The Tempest* (i. 2) calls Caliban “thou most *lying* slave” and “abhorred slave; which any *print* of goodness will not take.” What does he mean by this?

F. Lord Ver.—Truth and goodness differ but as the seal and print, . . . for *truth prints* goodness. (*Ibid.*)

Enquirer.— Prospero says to Ferdinand (iv. 1): “These our actors . . . are melted into air, thin air.” Why *thin*?

F. Lord Ver.—Thin air is better pierced, . . . thick air preserveth the sound better." (Nat. Hist.)

Enquirer.— And Prospero wished the spirits to be heard no more? I see.
Is it true that "The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself, yea, all which it inherits shall dissolve and . . . leave not a rack behind"?

F. Lord Ver.—Have not . . . twenty-five hundred years or more . . . infinite palaces, temples, castles, cities been decayed and demolished? (Ad. of L.)

Enquirer.— Prospero adds: "Retire into my cell . . . a turn or two I'll walk to still my beating mind." Why did he say that?

F. Lord Ver.—It is a view of delight . . . to stand or walk upon the sea-shore and to see a ship tossed with tempest upon the sea, but it is a pleasure incomparable for the mind of man to be settled, landed . . . in the certainty of truth, and from thence to descry and behold errors, perturbations, labours and wanderings up and down of other men." (Ad. of Learning, Book I.)

Enquirer.— Ah! Ariel and he then stood watching wet Caliban and Co., perturbed, and hunted up and down from their "sea-marge, sterile and rock-hard." I understand; it was an allegory.
Can you parallel what Hamlet said to his mother. (iii. 4.)

"You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you."

F. Lord Ver.—That which I have propounded to myself is to show you your true shape in a glass, one made by the reflection of your own words and actions." (Letter to Coke.)

Enquirer.— Once more ; Hamlet speaks of "the mind's eye." Why ? (i. 2.)

F. Lord Ver.—For everything depends upon fixing the mind's eye steadily. (Intro. Novum Org.)

Enquirer.— Why does Feste, in *Twelfth Night*, say, "Ginger is hot i' the mouth" ?

F. Lord Ver.—Spices and hot herbs, as dragon and old cresses, &c., though they be not hot in the handling . . . yet being a little chewed they are hot, and in a manner burning upon the tongue and the palate of the mouth. (Hist. of Hot Things.) Plants that are of a fierce and eager spirit, they are stronger whilst the spirit is inclosed in the root. . . . Nay, there are plants that have their roots very hot and aromatical, and their seeds rather insipid, as Ginger. (Nat. Hist.)

Enquirer.— What is the meaning of the expression in *Love's Labour Lost* (iv. 2), "These are delivered upon the mellowing of occasion" ?

F. Lord Ver.—The ripeness or unripeness of the occasion must ever be well weighed. (Essay Of Counsel.)

Enquirer.— Why does Anthony say (*A. and C.*, iv., 12), "She . . . has pack'd cards with Cæsar and false-played my glory" ?

F. Lord Ver.—There be that can *pack the cards* and yet cannot play well. (Ess. Of Cunning.)

And again, Better call for a new pack of cards than play these if they be pack'd. (Speech.) Gamesters use to call for new cards when they mistrust the pack. (*Ibid.*)

Enquirer.—

What have you to tell us of the relative strength in battle of France and England? Was the Archbishop of Canterbury within his rights when he said (*Henry V.*, i. 2), "O noble English, that could entertain with half their forces the full pride of France, and let another half stand laughing by, all out of work," and again, "Divide your happy England into four, whereof take you one quarter into France, and you withal shall all Gallia shake"?

F. Lord Ver.—

In countries if the gentlemen be too many, the commons will be base and sluggish. And you will bring it to that, that not the hundred head will be fit for an Helmet, especially as to the Infantry, which is the chief strength of an army, and so there will be great population and little strength. This, which I speak of, hath been nowhere better seen than by comparing of England and France, whereof England, though far less in territory and population, hath been nevertheless an overmatch almost always in war. (*Ess. Of the Greatness of Kingdoms.*)

Enquirer.—

Henry V., addressing his soldiers (iii. 1), says: "And you, good *yeomen*, whose limbs were made in England, shew us here the mettle of your pasture . . . there

is none of you so mean and base that hath not noble lustre in your eye." What remarks have you to make on this?

F. Lord Ver.—It is the plough that yieldeth the best soldier. But how? Maintained in plenty and in the hand of *owners*, and not of mere labourers. (1612.) (*Ibid.*) In regard, the farmers and men of the lower order in England make good soldiers, *which the peasants of France do not.* (*Ibid.*)

Enquirer.—In I. *Henry VI.* (ii. 3), when the victorious English soldiers enter, Talbot, proud of them, says to the Countess of Auvergne, "Talbot is but shadow of himself; these are his substance—*sinews*, arms and strength." In *Henry V's* speech to his valiant soldiers (iii. 1) he bids them remember their soldier ancestors and "stiffen the sinews." "Be copy to men of grosser blood, and teach them how to war." Have you anything to say about soldiers' sinews?

F. Lord Ver.—The principal point of greatness in any State is to have a race of military men; neither is money the *sinews* of war, as it is trivially said, where the *sinews of men's arms* in base and effeminate people are failing. (*Ibid.*) "The true *sinews* of the wars are the *sinews* of men's arms." (*Adv. of L., Book II.*)

Enquirer.—Hamlet (i. 4) addresses the ghost as "dead corse," adding, "and, for my soul, what can he do to that, being a thing immortal as itself." Please explain how a "dead corse" can be immortal?

F. Lord Ver.—We know . . . by divine revelation that not only the understanding, but the affections purified, not only the spirit, but the body changed shall be advanced to immortality. (Adv. of L., Book I).

Enquirer.— Time-honoured Lancaster says (*Richard II.*, ii. 1), “Will the king come that I may breathe my last in wholesome counsel?” and to the king he says, “Thy deathbed is no lesser than the land wherein thou liest sick—thou, too careless patient, commit’st thy anointed body to the cure of those physicians that first wounded thee.” The King was well in body; what physician did Gaunt think he needed?

F. Lord Ver.—The best preservation to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. *The best receipt* (best, I say) to work and best to take is the admonition of a friend. (Ess. Of Friendship.)

Enquirer.— Gaunt goes on to say, “A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown, whose compass is no bigger than thy head.” What does he mean?

F. Lord Ver.—There is no such flatterer as is a man’s self. (*Ibid.*)

Enquirer.— York, in speaking of the King to Gaunt, says, “Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity (so be it new there is no respect how vile) that is not quickly buzzed into his ears?” His ear which York also says “is stopped with other flattering sounds as praises of his state.” Can you make this passage clear?

F. Lord Ver.—Suspicious that the mind of itself gathers are but buzzes—suspicious that are artificially nourished and put into men's heads by the tales and whisperings of others have stings. (Ess. Of Suspicion.)

Enquirer.— Ah ! Stings that probably first wounded Richard ! What physician or remedy would Gaunt have prescribed for Richard, the too "careless patient" ?

F. Lord Ver.—There is no such *remedy* against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend. No *receipt* openeth the heart but a true friend to whom you may impart grief, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it. (Ess. Of Friendship.)

Enquirer.— I see. Gaunt wished to "breathe his last" in the "wholesome counsel" of a friend to the unhappy king.

F. Lord Ver.—It is a miserable state of mind to have many things to fear, and yet that commonly is the case of kings. (Ess. Of Empire.)

Suspicious amongst thoughts . . . dispose kings to tyranny; . . . they are defects not in the heart, but in the brain, and therefore men should remedy suspicion by procuring to know more, and not keep their suspicions in smother. (Ess. Of Suspicion.)

Enquirer.— Why did Gaunt say to the King, "Thy deathbed is no lesser than the land wherein thou liest sick" ?

F. Lord Ver.—All those hours which we share even from the breasts of our mother until we

return to our grandmother the earth are
part of our dying days . . . for we die
daily. (Ess. On Death.)

Enquirer.— Gaunt says (ii. 1) :

“ The tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony ;
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain,
He, that no more must say, is listened more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose ;
More are men's ends marked, than their lives before ;
The setting sun and music of the close,
As the last taste of sweets is sweetest, last,
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past.”

Do you agree to this ?

F. Lord Ver.—Words at death, like the song of the
dying swan, have a wonderful effect and
impression upon men's minds, and dwell
long after in their memory and feelings.
(Wis. of the Ancients.)

ALICIA A. LEITH.

PROFESSOR A. SEDGWICK ON BACON AND SHAKESPEARE.

IN an address delivered at the Imperial College of
Science and Technology, on December 16th, by
Professor A. Sedgwick, F.R.S., the following
remarkable passage occurs :—

“ It is a curious thing, but it has only comparatively
recently been realised that a sound and exact knowledge
of phenomena was necessary for man. The realisation
of this fact, in the modern world at any rate, occurred
at the end of the middle ages ; it was one of the intel-

lectual products of the Renaissance, and in this country Francis Bacon was its first exponent. In his "Advance-ment of Learning" he explained the method by which the increase of knowledge was possible, and advocated the promotion of knowledge to a new and influential position in the organisation of human society. In Italy the same idea was taught by Giordano Bruno, who held that the whole world was a vast mechanism of which man, and the earth on which man dwells, was a portion, and that the working of this mechanism, though not the full comprehension of it, was open to the investigation of man. For promulgating this view both he and his book were burnt in Rome in 1600. You will find the same idea cropping up continually in the written records of that time; Copernicus gave it practical recognition when he demonstrated the real relation of the earth to the sun, and it was thoroughly grasped by our own Shakespeare, who gave it expression in the dialogue between Perdita and Polixines in *Winter's Tale* :—

Perdita — The fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streaked gillyvors,
Which some call Nature's bastards : of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren ; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Polixines—Wherefore, gentle maiden, do you neglect them ?

Perdita — For I have heard it said
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Polixines— Say there be ;
Yet nature is better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean : So, o'er that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentle scion to the wildest stock and make conceive
a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler races : this is an art
Which does mend nature—change it rather ; but
The art itself is nature.

It is not difficult for us, though it may be difficult to our descendants, to understand how hard it was for man to attune himself to this new, this mighty conception, and the intellectual history of the last three hundred years is a record of the struggles to make it prevail.

Trained through long ages to believe the heavens were the abode of the gods, who constantly interfered in the daily affairs of life and in the smallest operation of nature, it seemed to men impious to maintain that the earth was in the heavens, and to peer into the mysteries which surrounded them, and to endeavour to do so has been stoutly resisted; but the conflict, in so far as it has been a conflict with prejudice, is now over. It vanished in the triumph of the modern views on the origin of man, which will for ever be associated with the names of Lamarck, Spencer and Darwin.

NOTES.

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON is continually referring to the contention that Bacon is the author of the Shakespeare plays. How thoroughly he grasps the arguments by which that view is supported may be gleaned from the following extract from an article which recently appeared under his name on "The One Vote." He says, "I remember a riotous argument about Bacon and Shakespeare in which I offered, quite at random, to show that Lord Rosebery had written the works of Mr. W. B. Yeats. No sooner had I said the words than a torrent of coincidences rushed upon my mind. I pointed out, for instance, that Mr. Yeats' chief work was "The Secret Rose." This may easily be paraphrased as "The Quiet or Modest Rose"; and so of course "The Primrose." A second after, I saw the same suggestion in the combination of

“rose” and “bury.” If I had pursued the matter, who knows but what I might have been a raving maniac by this time.” Is it necessary that Mr. Chesterton should put himself to the trouble of pursuing the matter?

MRS. BUNTEN sends the following poem which she has found in MSS. in the British Museum, Add. 4128, page 14, there attributed to Francis Bacon. It has seldom been published. At any rate, it is not to be found in any of the customary books of reference on the controversy:—

The man of life upright, whose guileless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds, and thoughts of vanity.
The man whose silent days in harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude, nor fortune discontent.

That man needs neither tower nor armour for defense
Nor secret vaults to fly from thunder's violence,
He only can behold with un-afrighted eyes,
The horrors of the deep, and terror of the skies.

Thus scorning all the care that fate or fortune brings,
He makes the Heaven his book, his wisdom Heavenly
things.

Good thoughts his only friends, his life a well spent age,
The earth his silver sun, a quiet pilgrimage.

There is a steady rise in the prices which books of the Elizabethan and early Jacobean period are fetching. When offered at auction sales they invariably bring out brisk competition. This is the case more particularly with the early editions of Bacon's Works, which, however, are now only to be met with on rare occasions. Some of the principal second-hand booksellers are putting prices up to a point which could with difficulty

be justified. The supply, however, appears to be getting less and less. It is many years since a copy of the first editions of the Essays, 1597, was offered for auction, and the last time the second edition, 1598, came up was in 1902, when it fetched £96.

It is probable that to-day a first edition would fetch more than £500. In March, 1827, at a sale of the books of Mr. John Dent, a copy was knocked down to one Bindley for half-a-crown, and the 1613 edition, being considered of greater value, for 4/-. At this sale the three volume edition of Bacon's works, edited by Dr. Shaw, was sold for £1, which would be about as much as it would fetch to-day.

The columns of the *Manchester City News* have been opened to a controversy on the question—Did Shakespeare revise? Mr. Thomas Newbigging wrote an essay in which he contended that Shakespeare did not elaborate his plays. This was reviewed in the *City News* and the reviewer sought to combat the contention. Others joined in the discussion, with the result that a voluminous and interesting correspondence ensued. The author of the essay objects to authorities being quoted in opposition to his opinion, in the following elegant phrases :—"I care not much for many of your so-called and self-constituted authorities. In the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy they are as thick as bees at swarming time—that, however, by the way. I have a mind of my own and I hope that on most questions I can form a reasonable judgment." This gentleman will have none of the Quartos. They are pirated and spurious editions. He pins his faith to the Folio edition, quoting Heminge and Condell's statements, and adding, "the obvious inference being that they followed the original MSS. of the poet, and in his possession at the time of his death." "But," he goes on to say

‘curiously enough the text in various of the Quartos is actually superior to that of the first Folio.’ This line of argument seems a little mixed up. None of the correspondents appear to have been familiar with Mr. Edwin Reed’s *Francis Bacon and Shakespeare*. There is a table there in the chapter on *Late Authorship*, from which the following extracts are made.

Date of last Quarto before Publication of 1623 Folio.	Changes made in the Folio of 1623 subsequently to date of last Quarto.
Merry Wives, 1619. ^o	1,081 new lines added; text rewritten.
Henry VI., Part 2, 1619. ^o	New title; 1,139 new lines added; 2,000 old retouched; version based directly on last Quarto.
Henry VI., Part 3, 1619. ^o	New title; 906 new lines added; many old retouched.
King John, 1622.†	New title; 1,000 new lines added, including one entire new scene; whole dialogue rewritten.
Richard III., 1622.†	193 new lines added; nearly 2,000 retouched; version based directly on last quarto.
Othello, 1622.†	160 new lines added; other important emendations throughout the text.

In each of these cases, as Mr. Reed points out, the author, if he died in 1616, must have left behind him, unpublished, two manuscript copies of each, both being successive improvements on earlier editions, and the less perfect one of the two was in each instance printed first. If such were not the case, an explanation is necessary, for most of this posthumous work was, as Mr. Aldis Wright admits, in the very best style of the poet. The question asked by one of the correspondents of the *City News* requires an answer. “Who,” he asks, “was the

^o Three years after Shakespeare’s death at Stratford.

† Six years after Shakespeare’s death at Stratford.

marvellous pirate who could write into the copy he was making so many lines stamped with the indelible mark of the all-seeing prophet ? ”

Mrs. Lee Grindon, in a lecture delivered at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, whilst the foregoing controversy was proceeding, made the following remarks on Shakespeare's method :—

Were the plays thrown off as a bird would moult a feather ? Or did Shakespeare carefully, ploddingly elaborate, and revise his work ? “Those are the questions,” said Mrs. Grindon. “I feel pretty sure that he did both. Under inspiration, Shakespeare would work at electric speed, impelled by the stress of his rushing thought, and as one possessed with a frenzy. The whole scene would rise up and stand out in strong black and white, and acts blazon themselves forth with the rapidity of an exhalation in response to the music in the poet's soul. Great characters would emerge and clearly embody themselves, their author recording the while what each had to say and do, the whole being done in tune and to the beating of time underlying the laws of life. It is this all-round knowledge of those laws that make Shakespeare so supreme an artist.”

“However rapid he worked,” continued Mrs. Grindon, “he never forgot certain principles. In the second phase or act of the drama the real struggle begins, whilst the third act is the test of power for good or evil as declared, and helped or hindered by some new outside force or agency. As this is a life force its birth is so subtle that the careless observer might easily overlook it. In the fourth act we have this new agency at work, and then came the wind-up. Shakespeare worked by intuition and analogy, by watching the rise and growth of many things. His work made him great, by which I mean not simply that it gave him his reputation, but that the producing of his work made him. He wrought with giant strokes, it was true, and by so doing his work itself fostered and developed his genius, and so we had in him the man of the giant mind. If we produced one bit of work well, with all our might, which meant with all the concentration we possessed, then the very fact of having done so brings with it the power for still greater work.

REVIEW.

Montaigne and Shakespeare, and other Essays on Cognate Questions.

By Mr. John M. Robertson. 8vo, large crown, price 7s. 6d. net. A. C. Black, London, W

MR. JOHN M. ROBERTSON has issued a new edition of his book "Montaigne and Shakespeare," for which he has made two important additional chapters—on the Originality of Shakespeare and on the Learning of Shakespeare. Mr. Robertson is a ripe scholar and an acute critic. His book has, especially in the additional portions, important bearings on the Bacon-Shakespeare question. For a resolute Shakespearean he is moderately civil, but he should not call us by the somewhat insulting name "Baconizers." He seems to have an invincible repugnance to any revision of the question of authorship, and is resolved, *per fas et nefas*, to explain away all arguments favourable to it. The very strong arguments of Mr. Churton Collins, claiming for the poet a real knowledge of Greek classics—however derived—is forcibly combated. And even the most obvious of classic allusions are rejected as giving no proof of classic learning, such as the lines from "Persius"—

"Nunc non etumulo fortunata que favilla
Narcentur violæ,

echoed in—

"From her fair and unpolled flesh
May violets spring";

and the very obvious correspondence between the lines in *Hamlet*—

"The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,"

and the lines in Catullus—

"Quo nunc it per ifer tenebricosum
Illuc unde negat redire quanquam."

On this Mr. Robertson says, with almost audacious dogmatism, Shakespeare did *not* get the suggestion from Catullus. No one can fail to see that such a bold assertion as this is obviously prompted by prejudice, and that, although he admits that the proposed explanation is "at least *not* ridiculous," the dogmatic denial certainly *is*.

And many others are dismissed as so much extravagance, or *non-sequiturs*. There is one point of which Mr. Robertson is scarcely conscious. How many classic allusions may be traced to Montaigne or previous writers? Yet there is a pervading *classical atmosphere* in Shakespeare in which these parallels are only incidental matters. If there were no necessity for vindicating the authorship of a poorly educated country townsman, busy all

his life with money-making labour, educated, if at all, at a country grammar school in a town where many of the most prominent residents signed their names with a mark, no one would have ever dreamed of attributing them to any author except one of exceptionally large classic culture—presumably a University man and a highly-trained scholar. And this impression is becoming even more widely diffused. When Mr. Robertson, in his most dogmatic way, says, "Despite the bluster of Maguire, the reasoning of Baynes, and the idealising zeal of other enthusiasts, there has grown up a widespread and reasoned conviction that the author of the plays drew his culture almost wholly from his own language, and from easily accessible sources in that," this we categorically deny. The trend of opinion on this matter is exactly the opposite, and the "easily accessible sources" include many unpublished manuscripts and books which were entirely out of the reach of any member of a despised and discredited class.

Mr. Robertson's inability to recognise a classical atmosphere unless it is indicated by definite quotation is remarkably indicated by his comparison between Bacon and Shakespeare: "Bacon, a habitual reader of Latin, crowds his pages with Latin phrases and quotations; whereas even in the pseudo-Shakespearean plays there are but a few Latin tags." Bacon quotes Virgil some fifty times; Ovid only some ten times, etc., etc. Any unprejudiced critic will recognise the fact that such a comparison between avowedly scientific and philosophic writings and poetic or dramatic compositions is absolutely nugatory. The critic will only admit that sugar is in his cup if he can find it in the lump. Sweetness instead of sugar is absolutely insignificant. The critic is simply a pedant without the sense of taste. Mr. Robertson's one explanation of all this knowledge and classic affinity is the one word *genius*—which is supposed to be capable of the highest achievements and the most comprehensive knowledge, with the necessity for culture; a thesis which is contradictory not only to common-sense, but to all experience, as has been abundantly shown.

R. M. T.

OBITUARY.

A LETTER to Judge Stotsenburg requesting an article for the current number of *BACONIANA* brought from his daughter, Miss Alice Stotsenburg, the sad intelligence that her father died in June last.

John Hawley Stotsenburg was born at Wilmington, Del., in 1830. Having graduated at law in Georgetown, Del., and at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., he entered practice in New Albany in 1853, and had a very successful professional career, becoming the leading attorney in New Albany and Southern Indiana. In 1861 he was elected a member of the Indiana Legislation and served

during some of the turbulent sessions held during the beginning of the civil war. He was a Union Democrat. For twenty-five years he served, without any compensation, as City Commissioner of New Albany, during which period he did much for the improvement of the city of his adoption. In 1879 he was appointed one of three Commissioners to revise the Statutes of Indiana. This work occupied three years of incessant labour, and the results stand as a monument to Judge Stotsenburg's ability as a lawyer.

In 1892 he retired from practice and much of his time since has been devoted to the work of the Episcopal Church, of which he was an earnest Communicant.

His end came not unexpectedly. For several months he had been in failing health, and for some weeks he was confined to his bed. He passed away surrounded by the immediate members of his family at the ripe age of 79 years, in the house in which he had lived for 40 years, one of the best known men in New Albany.

Judge Stotsenburg's mother was a native of the County Donegal, Ireland, and from her he inherited that lively and witty disposition so characteristic of the Celtic race. The *Louisville Times*, in announcing his decease, says, "He was beloved by everybody." He was ever ready to do a kindness, and freely gave legal advice gratis to those who applied to him and were unable to pay professional charges.

Judge Stotsenburg was a man of varied accomplishments in Scholarships, and wrote largely for the newspapers and religious and scientific publications. In England he was principally known as the author of "An Impartial Study of the Shakespeare Title," one of the most notable books which has been issued on the subject. Dismissing the claims of the Stratford man as outside the pale of consideration, the author carefully examines the characteristics of all possible claimants living during the period of the production of the Shakespeare plays to their authorship. The book evinces a very wide and accurate knowledge, not only of the literature of that time but of the style and vocabularies of the various writers. Whether one agrees with all Judge Stotsenburg's conclusions or not, one cannot fail to be impressed by the thoroughness of his work, and the fact that he was one of the few men who were devoted to truth for truth's sake. What higher tribute can be paid to the memory of a man?